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W669

POEM
OF YORK COLLEGE.

1894.

BY

W. C. WILLIAMS.

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POEM OF YORK COLLEGE.

1894.

—By W. C. WILLIAMS.



(To *The Building*.)

Oh you monster of stone and brick:
A real mericle you rose so quick!

Some would think it more sublime,
Had you taken much more time

In forming the shape of your walls:
And your lofty echoing halls.—

Yet, I believe, if you had tried more,
Than a score of years, to place it o'er,

Not a finer place could be found,
Or nicer spot on all the ground:—

Among all the western lands, or towns,
To place an institution so sound.

A finer building, I'll be bound,
Would not be asked by any town!

There is nothing faulty in your work:
Your workmen in nothing, tried to shirk.

(Some uneasy.)

O, the feelings of the hearts,
Of those who helped you to start!

At your foundations long they dug,
And your first layers no light drudge.

It seemed to those servants,
Some demon had truly sent

Trouble to this work; because,
This is part of the Lord's cause.

For Satan's always mad,
When the Christian's heart's glad.

The noble principle of those
Rose, by being firm thro' all his blows.

(The Building Up.)

Your enemies' boastings, lo, now can fall,
As they look upon your inviting wall.

Tho' you may be matter, and base,
Yet God, is looking on your face.

And while you stand in His delight,
You need not fear the clouds, nor night.

When your masses, rose over the earth to bloom,
They laid with solemnity, your cornerstone.

As the sun poured forth his glorious rays
They crowded about your foundation, grave.

A tear would fall, a prayer ascend,
Beseeching God his power to lend.—

The stone that was rejected many years ago,
Became the head of the corner, you know.—

This the chiefest,—the bright,
Was laid in place just right.

You cannot deny but what you owe,
Your very life to the tears that flow.

From mount to mount, and from sea to sea,
Your interest is felt, in great degree.

Many hearts ached to hear it said,
Ay, the last brick is now laid,

Your weight was heavy,
On the heart a blot,

From the corner stone,
To the chimney top.

Brick by brick, seemed to come slow,
To the layer, to lay them low.—

But was it indeed slow,
To him who laid them low?

And stones of much greater weight,
Moved slower to their place of state.

By and by you were all complete,
From the earth to the very peak.

But not so soon, will it be done,
The work you have only begun.—

(*To O'd Tool-Box.*)

No doubt it was a very long time,
The mechanic's tool-box, sublime—

Claiming the very spot you hold dear,
And it will always seem very queer,

That nothing else could then be done,
But move that box there in the sun,—

Was it for the mite of grain,
That grew on your campus tame?

Would this make any bland,
Impression on the man

That promised that, and,
Money already in hand?

Before your spire did appear
Many came to see you here.

When you were here, but in part,
Came to see, with aching heart.—

But now their hearts rejoiced to see,
You, finished to the last degree.

And many more, the same as I,
Come in gladness you to spy.

To compliment you when, by yourself,
And lay useful *preachings* on your shelf.—

Then, they shortly make their exit,
But, with yourself some comfort.—

My Children Take!
Then to pay thought
Their departure meant.

Give of their money for the sake,
Of having you their children take:

And, for advice, say further,
Prepare them for life's struggle.

Then, I will always be your debtor,
For as to life I'll give you, creditor.

Then, as I cannot pay your trouble
I'll gladly help some struggling fellow.

This in turn does always follow.—
Jesus said love your fellow-brother.

(This Life A Battle.)

Life's great and constant battles,
Are always on the rattle,

It may not be a national fight
As the greatest battles are for right.

Then betwewn man and man,
Is not the struggle: ban,

Nor with nature, or land,
Nor with my neighbor Dan.

But with my own heart and self,
I must battle for the wealth,—

If I would be of that governor kind,
Who governs the enemy self of mankind.

This governor is of such nobility,
He is greater than he who takes a city.

(Individuality.)

So friend College, there is a great necessity,
For young people to live their individuality.

Let a Lincoln, be none other:
And a Grant, no other brother.—

Then our nation is secure,
From the rend it did endure.

(Must Be Taught.)

Each body, soul and mind,
Among all of mankind;

Should by all means be blest with nature,
But that's not enough for any creature.

Man must be trained, disciplined and taught,
If he would have any golden thought.

This is the aim of God's great plan,
Each man to bless his fellowman.

To York College why not go,
To prepare for life's stern row.

(They Weep)

First stop to weep
Who knowledge seek.

Many times the way's hedged up,
For the young to fill their cup.

They want a College education,
But how to get it is the question.

My dear parents do desire,
To move the cumbersome bar.

That the way may open to cheer,
The children's heart to study here.

Many of us here, are now too poor,
To pay our way thro' the college door.

And who would dare to say,
There is a better way.

That God has something for us to do,
Not having a preparation so.

But having done all we then stand,
And, always do the best we can.

When we have done our noblest best,
With preparation not the least,

Then, our life's work, will be poorly done,
With the best preparation we have won.

Oh then, how very short would we at last be,
Without preparing in any degree.

How, when by the side of those
Who are prepared for the throes,

And bring their single-tree to strain.
When we only can but ours swing.

Or, when we are in the ranks,
And pressing on the enemy's flank,

And all prepared for the fight,
But me; mustered in on sight.

Not able to properly use sword or gun.
Prepared for nothing, but ready to run.

And when, to the great Judgement brought,
How will we feel? Or will we cough?

For we have the powers to be taught,
And to prepare, we know we ought.

Many of us have looked this thro, and thro:
And then did not have the power to do,

Many of us felt as once for all,
That it's foolish to stare against the wall.

And at night, when all was dark,
Tears from our eyes then would start.

Tears hot: bitter tears: burning for years:
No one to dry them, no one to care.

Staining the cheek, and pillow soft,
Setting fire in our every bone, oft.

(Advice.)

My friends, never give up the run,
It's a "long lane that has no turn."

And every day try to solve the question,
Of gaining a College education.

You may have to fight hard and long,
But the marching sun is not down.

And your trying will not be in vain,
If you pray in Jesus' name.

And this monotony will be broken
Somehow, somewhere, if never spoken.

Better be prepared to live one day of life,
Than live on in perpetual ignorance, strife.

One thing half done, is not done at all,
That is, part down just before you fall.

Let me stand straight in position,
That is, a thorough college education,

(Nature.)

Old friend, I will turn to you,
And will tell you something new.

Something you may not know,
Though a friend, I tell you so.

You are grand, good and great,
Yet you cause many hearts to ache.

You may not think this much,
The world is full of such.

With feelings, senses, and power of choice,
Who do all their good by their voice.

Who think not of the feelings of others,
And make no distinction for their brothers,

In this land of beautiful homes,
From which children ne'er thought to roam.

Until they felt the need of greater power,
And prepared to to come to your rich dower.

And for all you may hear
Your broad face drops no tear.

Tears of modest grace,
Does not mark your face.

(My Mother.)

I'll have you remember
The trials of my mother,

The hard-ships she must encounter,
Before she will deign to falter.

The loving mothers the children hold dear,
Their home to leave, the mothers fear:

They will not have the proper care,
And the parent is in deep despair.

Must I see my girls and boys,
Put away their childish toys?

And to be no more so baby-like,
But change to men and women of might?

There are those who shed many a tear,
Tho. to you it may seem strangely queer:

In the homes of your many friends,
While the clothes are being pend,

In the satchel and the trunk,
Before they start, quite a month.

(Time to Go.)

When the dread hour comes nearer,
For Mary, John, or Sarah,

To give a good-bye kiss to one and all,
Especially for that curly boy-doll:

Dimpled, double-chin, blue-eyed bawl.
That crying, laughing, baby Paul.

Not for a time, but may never
Again see you all, forever.

It is hard to say: And to rend,
From not only home, but dear friend.

(New Students.)

One of the scenes is a trial,
For the modest, backward child,

To meet with the pleasantly mild,
When they are in the play-ground filed:

Let it be on the grounds for ball,
Or in the whitened, lofty hall;

In the great recitation rooms,
Or in the spacious, towering dome:—

In these places they also meet
The modest teachers also greet.

(Different Tastes.)

Now, a difference in the Lyre,
That floats in the same kind of air.

From the meadow, and the wood,
From the swallows, seeking food;

From the cricket in the log,
To the owl, and the house-dog.—

The lark, robin, and the thrush,
Each has a very different chorus.

Old friend, It's far from right,
You should class all alike.

The new student is very much afraid,
He is to speak before he is grave.

Soon all become solemnized,
To the work of the College life.

At first, while they may be backward,
E'er long they are first in action.

All try to make each at home,
And talk to each in pleasant tone.

All are invited to attend the meetings,
Held by students, at which, are kind greetings.

(Carriage Goes.)

Mother weeps, and children too,
When they bid each one adieu.

Father may seem unusually quiet,
His heart is full; he'll not deny it.

The carriage rolls fast away,
Leaves the house empty, all day.

Taking children off to York College,
Where they will stop the thirst for knowledge.

(Mother Prays.)

Mother goes then to another room,
To weep; to pray; to think; to moan:

Thoughts come that cannot get room,
That dear ones perchance, may soon

Be led down the dark road to doom,
Mother can't help feeling this gloom.

But precious news instead she finds,
The Savior there to cheer their kind.

As angels came to Christ, who, when alone,
In the garden, bearing the world's doom.—

He comes to all his down-cast,
And raises them heaven—blest.

Each parent can now on him throw,
Their children's case, where'er they go.

The promise is not only to one,
But all: whatever asked, it shall be done.

So mother finds a heaven where,
She went to mourn in deep despair.

Thanks to God! Who, forever dear,
He gives us joy, instead of fear.

(College Door.)

And the carriage rolls up thro' the drive,
Close by the walk, at the college side.

If never before, the student, just then,
'There are great powers, he always must contend.

The great responsibility,
And the grace of humility.

(Responsibility.)

York College! You are the place,
To prepare for life's great race,

Then, if here we do not improve
The time given, by careful rule,

And come out in the race, beat,
We cannot then play the cheat;

But to God we must pay the rent,
Who knows how each moment was spent.

If this we miss, our mark and time,
We are left very far behind,—

For, in all time we are the great loser,
For eternity is no reproducer.

(Our College President.)

Students, that never before,
Had entered the college door:

Feeling lonely, nervous, strange and queer,
Till the honored president comes near.—

Not only in figure, but in heart,
And some-how makes us himself a part.

He, the loved master of the case,
Is the humblest man of the place.

He counts this no disgrace,
But wears a pleasant face.

To help you in the right,
He helps with all his might.

So the weakest soon become strong,
When the helper is such a good one.

For instruction you're always welcome
To his room of examination.

(A Call.)

Will you come and enjoy this feast?
It is surely a grand rich treat.

If the young people, of these broad valleys,
Knew the good you'd do them, dear York College!

They would come by double scores,
To crowd your ready open doors;

Besides those, who have already gained
A welcome entrance thro' the same.

To those in cities, close and tight,
Can't get one good breath at night:

Who are deathly pale, and skeleton lean;
Not able to walk, or fit to be seen:

Eyes set away back in their head,—
When eye-lids drop you think them dead,—

White, thin pointed bone, figure called:
And if they would cough, laugh, speak or squall

All must sound alike: dross,
Because of lack of force.

It would kill them to take a course
In the city, so which is worse?

To live in health with that dark ignorance;
Is it a disgrace to sane vigourance?

But to kill oneself is no gain,
Tho' he has the world on the chain.—

But if by it you are blest,
In the great eternal rest.—

Tho' you spend this life, and all else besides,
For the education of the soul, it is wise.

Your name is on the eternal roll,
When you begin to be wise in soul.

What should we not spend
For an ever-lasting home in heaven?

But wherethere's a will, there's a way.
Why not then come here for a stay.

If they would only come here,
Where the air is very dear,

To the poor in health,
It's a mine of wealth.

Come where the trees with foliage lean,
And the fields rich in garments green:

Come where the sparkling water running by,
Carries impurities away to die.

Oh come where the four winds doth agree,
To blow away sickness, and man is free:

Come all the young who are struggling on,
For an education rightly done;

And when complete you want to find,
Developed muscles, lungs, and mind.

O then, why be unkind
To yourself, not to find.

A place where health and study agree,
As at York College, York, Nebraskee.

And why be punished for want of room,
In largely crowded places of gloom.

And where you're allowanced because its scanty,
But come at once where food is in great plenty:

Come where the air is the feeder surest,
For the nerves, and the spirit truest.

That when you are thro' college study,
You may have your health generally.

Much strengthened by it—
Then next term, try it.

So be ably prepared for the other.
The greatest work on earth; help your brother.

(Sad Sight.)

O the sorrow-stricken sighted;
For the student to come blighted.

From many unhealthy schools and colleges,
Sacrificing body, for a mind full of knowledge.—

From his studies to his duties,
And unable to perform them.—

See his exhausted body leaning,
Falling in the tomb: without seeming:

In the tomb prepared for others, older,
Whose work is done: whose heart is colder.

Like the tomb of Joseph, of Armethia,
Filled by Christ, the mighty Redeemer.

The old world always kills its youth,
But when they die, leave living truths.

(York College A Treasure.)

I

Oh! That some rich singer,
Would go forth as bearer,

Like the daughters of ancient Israel,
Bearing songs of praises to the victor.

Of the very welcome measure,
Of York College, as a treasure.

I can write the inspiring sonnet,
But cannot put my voice upon it.

Oh! will some one sing it sweetly,—
Sing in wondrous tones so meekly,—

So not to drive the daughter, tender,
From the place the wise parents send her;

From the school of heaven's smiles,
From York College, and it's dials;

While the sun's most golden rays,
Plays about this spot so grave.

II

Will the singer sing it clear,
On the early morning air,—

At this early hour of youth,
Sing it in the ears, a truth;—

Sing it o'er to every one,
That the day has just begun.

And for life to be simply fun,
They should go to York College, young.

Young as the glorious morning king,
That's just beginning his daily ring.

III

Singer, sing it with a boom,
When it comes the hour of noon.

Make it plain their day is half done,
And those that's shaded from the sun,

Idly resting at late noon,
They have now no time to loan.

And if its late, its better than never,
To be educated—its a lever.

IV

Then, towards the sinking of the sun,
Sing it as you never have done.

For you know not the mighty dower,
That may come by your singing power.

To the school we love so well,
And who knows, the souls from hell

Have been saved by singing it well;
Some heard it in the morning tell.

Others at noon could not dismiss its spell,
Because of children who loved it well.

And those who heard, asked, as they prayed,
That God would bless the school, that saved

Their children from ignorance and doubt,
And prayed that others would sing it about.

York College is ever a friend,
To all who will come, or will send

Their worthy children, or money give,
To help themselves, as the College to live.

As their children are prepared for any station,
They may be called by God too, in the nation.

Money or time spent in this way,
Is helping on, the great Gospel day

There is coming a golden bright day,
To the one that does to the College pay.

They will be thankful they had a hand,
In helping fulfill the great command.

(Question.)

A picture does come and go,
And I will just print it so.

Who it will be, you may feel,
I cannot see, your heart steal,

A stranger met upon the warf,
He was a giant, and not a dwarf.

A gentleman by birth, and taught,
All this could be told by his walk.

Entering the vessel strong,
Bound for China's suffering throng:

Is asked proper the question, square,
"At what College did you prepare?"

This will cause many glad hearts to throb,
With wondrous joy, they did what they could.

(Answer.)

Excuse me, sir, its a mansion.
And I did not live a transient.

York College, York, Nebraska.
Hundreds of miles from Alaska.

You need not tell it,
For I see you are sick.

But your poor health is sure to be
Looked after by the College faculty.

So I am now in whole bound,
In body strong, and mind sound.

To China's part of the heathen world,
To save from Satan's deadly thrall.

(Its Influence.)

Old friend, I see you are bound,
To reach this old globe around;

And everywhere on God's green earth,
Blessings will come to your hearth.

The supporters of your cause,
Will get their reward above.

Oh how glad the students will be,
Who come within your courts to see,

Or persue the course with energy,
Until they obtained the coveted degree.

(Situation.)

My friend, you are located great,
One can see much of the state.

From your windows near your crown,
One can see all over the big town.

The trains go shooting swiftly past,
As if afraid a look you would cast.

It goes north-east, across the vast plains.
With more than worlds in its moving train.

While another comes from the east,
Where the plains rises to great steeps—

With a load of lives to feast,
Upon nature's stores of sweets;

That gives back the better health,
Thank God! For this greater wealth.

You hear of some each day,
Coming from the east, to stay.

To this nice part of the west they come,
For none other is better for them to own.

This is the best, and greatest town,
For in it, no saloon is to be found.

Thank God for this moral town,
With church steeples all around.

(On the Train.)

Like a great smoke moving along,
With rattle and toot, for a song;

From the far north with a snort,
With a great shrill; with a jerk;

With smoke rolling up in curls and rings.
When they are near York, the conductor sings;

To his mixed congregation, as the train swings—
These great travelers, their condition, a thing.

Next station is York, you have the knowledge,
A Christian institution is York College.

But quite a strange thing, who will deny,
To make a success in life all try.

(The World's Difference.)

Look at the difference—a world's difference—
A life's difference—a fortune's difference;

A diseases' difference—a polished difference,—
A poverty's difference, a difference in wealth.

Some people in sickness, people in health;
Some traveling for other: some for self.

Some have more bundles than fingers;
Some have none, and yet no beggars.

(A Lover.)

There is some one, with his hat over his face;
Some think he is sleeping, but that's a mistake.

He is going to see his lovely Grace;
And to hide a smile, he covers his face.

Grace is the lady, that teaches knowledge,
Called by the worthy name of York College.

(No Two Alike.)

No two faces with the same shape;
No two eyes with the same sight;

No two hats with the same trimming;
No two heads with the same swimming;

No two are thinking the same thought;
No two step alike as they walk.

Isn't it strange? They're on the one train;
All going one direction, just the same.

(Different Ways.)

But not all going the same way,-
For did you not hear many say,

They would go their own way,
Regardless of what pay:

Others used the language of another world,
Where the smoke curls! Yes forever curls!

While some was soaked in tobacco juice-
Others showed they had used the liquor juice-

These were going another way,
From which they were, who didn't bray.

I should judge they never read;
A still tongue makes a wise head.

The many quiet ones on the train
Are going to York College, for fame.

(Select Your Way.)

Come to York from any direction;
Glad you can make your own selection.

Select the road and railway train,
Each will try to please you, the same.

(My Feeling.)

For your friends, the train doesn't pass
The country houses and fields too fast.

All well know time is abolished,
That is not spent at York College!

The conductor does not know,
Why the faces are aglow,—

And many bright colors show,
And I am glad it is so.

As the train goes by your grounds,
Upon which they seem fit to bound

A christian institution, round and round,
To stand secure while eternities found.

They catch a view of your learned tower,
Happy soon to enjoy your dower.

Their hearts before, had been here,
E'er the station they drew near.

Then they are on their feet before
The trainmen places back the door.

The car isle is crowded, and it is work
To keep from falling; the train stops: a jerk.

The student's heart is full of glee,
Coming to college, talking free.

(My College Dread.)

I have not yet said
Dread! The college dread!

The storm is bursting along this line,
I will try and put it into rhyme.

Each must feel, if they have never before
Come to study, within the college door.

College life is an everlasting change
From any other, by another name.

To some this peculiar feeling
Is greater than at first seeming;

Some indeed would not a moment stay.
If they could get politely away.

Yet this dread, tho' very great in some,
Is soon worn off by a little fun.

A right good laugh, a race to run.
Nothing better under the sun.

A true earnest look, a kind word,
Will touch a sympathetic cord.

We are considered, truly, grandly,
All brothers and sisters—a great family.

To students of other schools and names,
We offer you the fraternal claim.

I have been quietly, strangely free
To take notice in great degree,

A change in who at first did dread.
Something not seen, not heard, not said.—

Who at first wished themselves away,
And thought they could not bear to stay

Away from home and friends,—
A little home-sick trend.

(Sorrows With Dread.)

Old College, many deep-wrought sorrows,
Been instantly born in your bowers.—

Many have found relief in weeping,
And perhaps felt better in kneeling.—

As the great Christ himself did find
Relief from sorrow in his time.

He wept Jerusalem his adieu,
And at the grave of Lazarus, too.

So they come without a token,
Burst on our vision, not spoken.

So each teacher, with the student,
With great sorrows finds it prudent,

To act as our Master, great,
And be humble for his sake.

So we see the greatest, humblest.
As all history proved, grandest.

So we live in such a atmosphere
At this college created here

Proving a power to be at work,
For the eternal good of all York.

And each student feels he has a place,
In the eternal realm of grace,

Then no wonder that the master
Would have the train go faster, faster.

Or the dread be all gone forever,
From the student that was timid.

Or the driver on the well traveled road,
Urge the horses to a livelier mood;

Till the college they do spy.
See it point towards the sky.

(Next Term.)

And you hear them most every one,
Saying next term they want to come.

They who had the home-sick dread,
In begining of term said,

With those of the loudest,
Answered in the proudest,

They cannot stay away,
If by any means can pay

Their tuition, and, thro' their way.
This sounds like a grand future day.

They delight to come to school,
And follow each college rule.

Many stay right through till Monday,
Do not go home over Sunday.

But attend Sabbath-school and preaching
Up in the chapel, in York College.

(College Pastor.)

This is led by the pastor fully
Able to discharge all his duty.

Its always extra, very well,
By our beloved pastor, Rev. Shell.

He does not consider his work done,
'Till he sees the students every one.

Then he likes to know the name,
And he treats us all the same;-

As he would treat the oldest member;
Indeed he is a grand defender,

Of the young, who are in danger,
Of the evil in any form.

Then, he is ever watching for the stranger,
Who may be neglected by the true member.

Then he desires pleasantly all to be free,
To worship God as their conscience may decree.

(Student's Mistake.)

One exceptional student, makes the mistake,
Of not attending the service, till to late.-

Will they reap an eternal loss?
Oh! How sad for them who may cross

The place of safety for their souls,
Who must neglect the golden rule:

And the first and great command.
"All other ground is sinking sand."

(The Teacher.)

All the teachers have had an active part,
In the cause of Christ; from the college start.

The Superintendant, a grand man,
Does for the Master's cause all he can.

And the teacher, too, of great honor,
The Business Department, a farmer.

(Students Welcome.)

The Christians all, with all others of the town.
A cordial welcome gives, to all the boys around.

And those holding honored stations,
Would have us feel, they have patience-

With us the students of York College;
And advise us friendly, with knowledge,

To impress upon us the important place,
We are occupying now in life's real race.

All honor to the noble men.
Who give advice without pretense.

(New Time.)

They say there ne'er was such a time,
In all the history of mankind.

When the old iron heel of covetousness
Was received with such marvelous quiet bliss:

And honored as the perfect guest,
From Christ, the lord of righteousness.

Men can press their fellowmen,
And as they pray, say, "Amen;"-

And keep pressing still most nobly,
And feel not conscience one degree:-

They feel they have most perfect bliss,
As they profess Christ's holiness,—

And press widows, orphans and the poor,
Till barely they can life endure.

The servants of this covetous King Devil,
Will get well paid yet, for their modest trouble:—

As the blood of the never-dying soul
Is marked against them by the holy Lord,

As this is the most precious of life,
Who would ask of man a greater price?

And no matter in what pretense,
They done this pressing for the pence.

Or, if under the righteous robe,
They nevertheless to hell go.—

There receive those pressing blows,
The seed they once here did sow.

Then, old college if you get safe,
Thro' these new times, of Satans grace:

A thousand souls will rise as one,
And hail you to the very throne.

And testify to the mighty God,
That you were the most blest holy cause,

To bring them to the Lord,
And point them home above.

And thousands more yet will rise,
To strengthen these holy ties.

And before you can think to fall,
God's great power is behind all;

And by his name you ne'er shall call
In vain on those who have the Lord.

(A Holy Feeling.)

I have spoke about the preaching,
From the college walls vibrating:

Making every room hallowed,
By the spirit which pervades it.-

Now there is a regular meeting,
Generally on Wednesday evening:

That is earnest, calm, greeting,
In nature others seeking.-

(*Δ Prayer Meeting.*)

This is a precious means of grace,
For none other can take its place.

In any country, is there a church,
That can prosper without its work?

I see, in this meeting all agree,
To offer prayer on bended knee.-

Then to arise with angelic face,
And testify to God's living grace.

Then after a good heart-hand shake,
They all feel the strength to make

Another week's journey towards the throne,
While their frail bodies go towards the tomb.

They confess in Christ's great power
Enough to overcome sorrow.

And when the body is in the tomb,
They look for Christ to come very soon;

The body he'll bring from its narrow home,
With the power that will tell the world's doom.

And with him forever to be,
Awake in his likeness, you see.-

Perfect in one thought on knee,
To testify cheefully:

Say, they will strive to live each,
Better lives till Christ they meet.

They love their dear Saviour's name.
Each with feeling say the same.

Filling each heart, without name or station,
To each and all complete satisfaction.

And if perchance, they slip or fall,
He is ready to help them all.

So a firmer and safer rock,
Which the unbeliever has not.—

Nor, can they see a glorious death,
Nor, a bright eternal, after which

To live forever with the blast,
A parent or a child at rest.—

This, each of these people do say,
In testimony all agree.

In his testimony to acknowledge,
The beloved president of York College.

Claimed God had graciously dealt with him,
The same as with his fellow-church-man.

He also made the statement:
"I wish not to leave vacant;—

For it is a proper thought,
Much fire in me it had wrought.—

In my dried up bones,
Before I reached home."

He said: "There has not been one death,
God has given us all good breath.—

Not one student has went down
Since the college came to town.

Among the hundreds, that attend here,
Not as much as to one did death come near.

This is in all parts due,"
Said the president, true,

"To the fact of Christians meeting,
In their solemn worship greeting.—

And these walls kept ringing,
By the gospel singing."

A most hallowed sanctuary,
Where the health is perfect, surely.

The friendly pastor of the charge
Is always here to serve his Lord.

I am glad for such good people,
They are old and strong; I'm feeble.

(What They Look For.)

These are all as life is earnest,
Men and women, who are honest,

Who look not for the world's cheap profit;
Their sight carries to the farthest;

And live here as in the sight of angels,
And their much-loved Saviour, with them always

They do not see death forever;
Their eternal day is over;

And they journey with joy, but sober,
Ever looking for Him, their lover.

(Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A.)

The young ladies have a place,
A work to do in this life.

And so they meet once a week;
In Jesus' name pray and speak:

Asking God's blessings to especially rest
On their lives, that they may always do the best.

It is the best place for the young,
And those who wish to become strong.

To perform the Master's work,
Never to be found a shirk.

And always able to fight,
In this life for the great light.

The young ladies do never say
Why they are called Y. W. O. A.

The young men think they have the say
Because they are Y. M. C. A.

Each association has its room,
For the work peculiar to its own.

The bible is read, hymns are sung,
All take part on subjects as one.—

All are invited to attend
These extra meetings for young men.

(Literary Societies.)

Each sex, now also have
All reason to be glad.

They have a separate society,
Which gives them a select variety

Of different actors on the stage;
A manufactory for the sage.

A program of wondrous worth
To the society, for growth.

Is prepared by a certain member,
Chosen by the society, slender.

Speeches are made by the whole
Number of names on the roll.

This work is to prepare the member,
Always to be his own defender;—

When before the public are tried,
By minds and eyes on every side.

Tried by no sympathizers,
Who think they are much wiser.

An active part in the debate,
Each student is supposed to take,

His appointed place upon the floor,
And name his points, if nothing more.

His opponent then, will do his best,
To down the other, claim his a test.

Each picks at the other's flaws,
And upon the white truth saws.

To make the other to say,
The truth in another way.—

Then show his faulty statement,
With a better argument.—

This is to help us stand,
Among the men of our land.

No sin to hold our own way,
Till we see a better day.—

The day we are convinced of wrong,
The day we can see further on;

The day, we are proud the other is right;
The day the debate made us look more bright;

The day they prove it good and strong,
We will raise them a song—not long.—

This helps us fill our office great,
If in pulpit, or place of state.

Whether we make the church walls ring,
The senate halls or chamber bring

Back the echo that's clear and loud,
Which will disperse every dark cloud.—

That will prove us in the right,
By the word of righteous might.

Or if we fill a humble station,
Where we may prove the gift of patience,

By the honor gotten straight,—
If we practiced in debate.

Suppose we rise to the highest station,
To fill the chair, and surprise the nation.—

We will do honor, and show the knowledge,
Gained by earnest effort in York College.

Then the select readings,
Which in its way does bring,

Improvement, we in no other way could gain:
Will help us read, as we speak, in the right strain

Next comes the noble orator,
With great determination bore;

On wings to rise, to fly and soar,
With all the eloquence of yore.—

Never to completely light,
Nor to ever soar from sight.

Then, without any pretense,
Will speak as his own invent.

He will personate his character,
And then look for himself afterwards;

And take his auditors sweeping along,
According to the nature of his song.

An essay must also be produced;
This is always done in solid truth.

This teaches many things in one,
That in this short life must be done.

And keeps in mind that gained,
In college studies main.

Other things I might name,
We practice in this same—

We open with song and prayer;
This also is regular.

We also have a critic,
Who knows how to use this stick—

He means to keep us all very straight,
On lines of oratorical grace.

He watches our grammatical thought,
And whence every spoken word is brought,

To express the thought,
And the feeling sought.

Then on the whole, he suggests,
How we can be better blest,

By our work in the society;—
And all receive, and profit rightly.

(*A Wonder.*)

I have wondered very much,
What is meant by all this rush?

Where these students are going to?
What life has for each one to do?

At what place in the scale they'll stop?
If all will venture to the top?

If all will make their stations
Brighter by their orations?

All through this life, never to cease;
Always on the side of increase.

Then, if so many hundreds, on earth,
Are trying to be of greater worth,

Pursuing a higher course,
To give them much greater force,

And these hundreds number thousands,
And these thousands be numbered,—

Angels, about the throne of heaven,
Singing praises till the earth is riven.

Oh! The joy, that no man can mention,
Of this host, of earth's grand selection.

Here they are called sons and daughters,
But there, "Kings and priests powers."

(*From Room to Room.*)

'Then marching to the science rooms,
Where, the great Professor owns

The wit and genius great;—
The greatest in the state.

To search and hold the greatest knowledge,
The students lead, of grand York College.

Or, perhaps to another teacher;
To the right must go these electors.—

Because it is for him to hear
Some certain classes, of that sphere.

(Language.)

You are impressed to study language;
It releases the soul from bondage.

The great professor, of this art,
Will show you plainly from the start.

The ever flowing, spreading advantage,
Of studying, what they call, dead language.

The teacher is full of fire,
When you touch this golden lyre.

He has a right to be, you see,
Because some people don't agree.

Nor see at all what use its for,—
To study language not need at store?

Nor, at the church, nor on the street.
Nor to do business, or to speak

To any one, you may chance to meet:
The good professor does rightly say:—

We must know the way,
Or must go astray.—

If we want to go to town:
We must know the way around.

There are many hills to climb,—
And with the stream's bank must wind:

And over many a rough road,
Before we can lay down our load.

Then for us to ask how to go,
Is not to put on extra show-

But it is truly business to take,
The easiest way for each one's sake.

Then, when the way you truly know,
You will have no trouble to go.

Therefore, to study learn to study,
Is the greatest study, of studies.

I must believe the professor is right, and more,
He knows the way, for he has been there before.

(My Books.)

When but a little child, I remember
A good teacher, who was my tender:

Who was loving, friendly, kind and true,
And when speaking, would look right at you.—

One day a serious occasion took,
To tell me never to forget my books.

Ever since, I have taken delight,
To study all day and part of night.

We, as students, will get wealth,
By not leaving the books on the shelf.

We can never get too wise,
Tho' we study all our lives.

(What College?)

Then, if you want the best of knowledge,
The writer says: go to York College.

So say all people, far and near;
So says the very atmosphere.

I heard a man, of no mean station,
Say so too; he was clear from Dayton.

(Art.)

If you want to study art,
No better place you could start.

Its taught, first to last, by teacher one,
Who gives it a very high tone.

(Painting.)

And those of a picture mind,—
For there are those of that kind. —

I don't say they are fainting,
To take lessons in painting,—

Which they are also taught.
By the teacher of art.

(Music.)

Then in music to succeed,
You are taught to that degree.—

You can hear the organ go,
And the rich piano too.

Most any time of every day
The student is learning to **play**.

(College Band.)

The College Band is a grand sight;
You can see it most every night.

Of spirit and delight,
They would make a fight.

They are succeeding well for the time,
They have been in this new added line.

They are a jolly good band,
And your hair does almost stand:

For they play with a speed and fire,
That listening you do not tire.

They play with a will;
Everything to excell.

(Business Department.)

Now we'll go to the commercial room;
This is a department in full bloom.

The students here are on fire,
As if working for a star.

They are at the door,
On the second floor,

Trying it to open,—token,
Long before the hour is spoken.

This room has a good number,
Who, in age are not under,

To in any business go,
And in the world make a show.

And here they're amply fitted too,
To work in a business way through.

At one corner the banker stands,
Passing the money thro' his hands.

If you pass him a counterfeit,
He will tell you in legal writ,

That's against the law; you're not safe.
To pass such money in the state.

By their neat, but not at all cheap.
Desks, tables and counters, its plain,

They are all on the road to fame;—
I am glad of all this good gain.

They are all perfectly at home,
In all lines of business, to roam

Among papers and books,
It only takes a look,

To see they well understand
The business, they have in hand.

So one to the other, does not look,
But faithfully works at his own book.

Then, at certain times, they dare,
To have each account to square:

And if wrong, when examined, in any part.
They measure every figure on the chart.

It is a trick, above all the arts,
To have the knowledge before you start.

Then, to endeavor true,
And often, too, it to prove.—

And prove it too,
The whole way through,

And so, when finished,
There is no blemish.

No wrong to make right;—
No crook to make straight;—

No line to tear up, from end to end;—
No bad places to turn back, to mend;—

For as they came through,
They found it all true.

So is it in this world,
As it goes in a whirl!

With its empty clash;
With men that are rash.

There is a perfect base,
That is verily safe.—

And as you go through,
This you will find true.—

If your spirit, with God's doth agree,
Thou hast the witness within, you see.

This, I learn in the business room.
It is a mathematical loom.

They are sure the finish will be the same,
As that, they began with that kind, of chain.

They know their filling, and their chain:
They keep the kind, till the end of same.

And they never can change,
E'er though they think they'd gain.

Then, when they finish that strip,
They have gathered master wit,

And begin again with greater grit,
Until they finish their life's great strip.

And hard places, where they sweat,
They always find greater wealth.

(Its Teacher.)

One word for the teacher of this room.
An excellent young man, in rich bloom;

And never tires very soon,
Helping students out of gloom.

If they become tangled in dates,
Figures, quantities or rates:

And, are disposed not to try,
If they never cast the die:—

In some sparkling, golden spot of wonder,
But send it to oblivion's corner.

This grand man, the professor,
Is for the time, successor,—

Of the student,—the professor
Not to know:—if he can finish,

This set of books, without anguish.
But, what is gained without languish?

Then, this teacher makes this gloom,
As clear as the sun at noon.—

Turn the foggy, murky darkness,
Into the day's bright clear lightness:

Making the work easy, clear and plain.
For the student to go on again.

Leaving a bright, sure trust.
To come out right, he must.

This teacher never takes rest.
Unless its from desk to desk.

Cheering the students, in the right.
To beat back ignorance—the night.

Oh! What a power is a man,
If, but one he may help to stand,—

Right nobly in some office great,
Or, occupy a place in state.

Or, prove by his own rule,
There is no end to the soul.

And by mathematical, may see,—
There is no end to eternity.

And prepare, from very sound sense,
To live in love, that long event.

May you ever feel you're doing a work.
Eternity can only reward.—

And, many souls may you greet.
Saved by you, at Jesus' feet.

For, his salvation is a business,
And you are called to that, a teacher.

(Telegraphy.)

Yes, you can take telegraphy here;
Learn the art here, though it may seem queer.

York College, not from an old stump,—
Young, but found always in the front.

Come, learn to be a lightning sender;
Be independent, your own defender.

If you want a first-class education:
Then, of course, York College is the station.

In business or in classics true,
Plunge right in; and then wade right through.

(We Expect Great Things of You.)

Then, honest old College, you truly give
Ample privileges to those who will—

Prepare themselves for any work in life,
Consistent with the teachings of Christ.

And, only God, in heaven, knows,
Who, from your blessed walks may go,

In all the wide known world, to sow
Pure seed, that will eternally grow?

And who, your hallowed name will bless.
Made holy by the prayers of guests?

Ministers shall leave your friendly dower,
To tell each creature salvation's power.

Lawyers, of great power, go from your dome,
To argue the cases of right and wrong.

Young congressmen, and senators, from your hall
Go marching forth, as their different states call.

Presidents of colleges, professors of schools,
Will mark their high standing from your rule.

When the line is drawn, to determine where,
On questions of marks, such men may dare.

On the side of right, raise their voices square;
Students of York College, stand like men, fair.

No need to ask them, on which side,
Your children are found, for their pride—

Could not be touched by any bribe;—
The reason is, they in Christ confide.

Ever loyal to country, home, and God;—
Ever, on their honor, true to their word.

(Term Out.)

Wednesday next, this college term is out:
Tho' its talked about, you hear no shout.

To say farewell, none like to do;
It makes you better, this is true.

You learn the college society,
But you meet the great variety.

And by touching many different kinds,
This will bless the individual mind

And our acquaintance would necessary be narrow
If out side of a certain circle, we received no
(shadow.

So, when life is gone,
As last summer's sun,

We may find our farewells,
Meant other friends, to excell.

Each new acquaintance is the better,
As each farewell gives us the letter.—

On ourselves to rely;
Our resources try.

Who knows what he owns,
Till he is alone?

Or, what is possible for him to do,
Until he is thoroughly tried, thro' and thro'?

Now we go to discover new friends.
Who have been hid from the eyes of men.

Fare-ye-well, fare-all-well;
May you in—deed, farewell.

(*Wherever They Go.*)
A testimony came to my ears,
Several days ago, unawares.

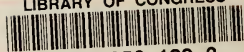
Came from the the far part of the state,
Bringing joy of very great weight.

Wherever the student, of York College, goes—
He, for Christ and the church, influence throws.

FINIS.



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